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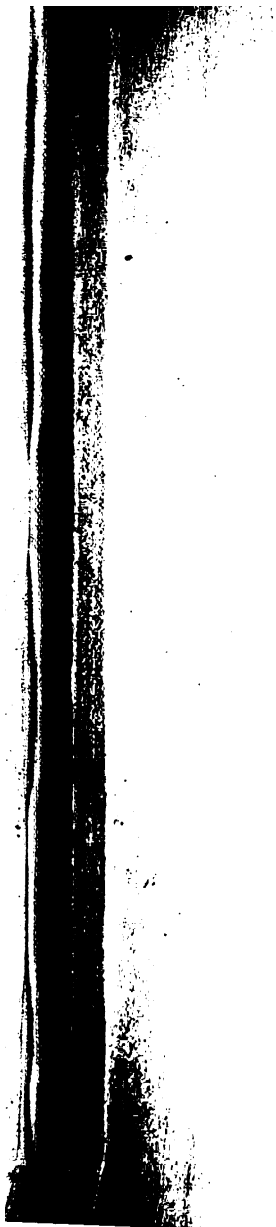
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8-NCI
Pony

the 1990s, the number of people with a mental health problem has increased by 50% (Mental Health Foundation 2000). The prevalence of mental health problems has increased in the general population, and the incidence of mental health problems has increased in the prison population.

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the mental health needs of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners. The Department of Health (2000) has also published a strategy for mental health services, which includes a commitment to improve the mental health of prisoners.

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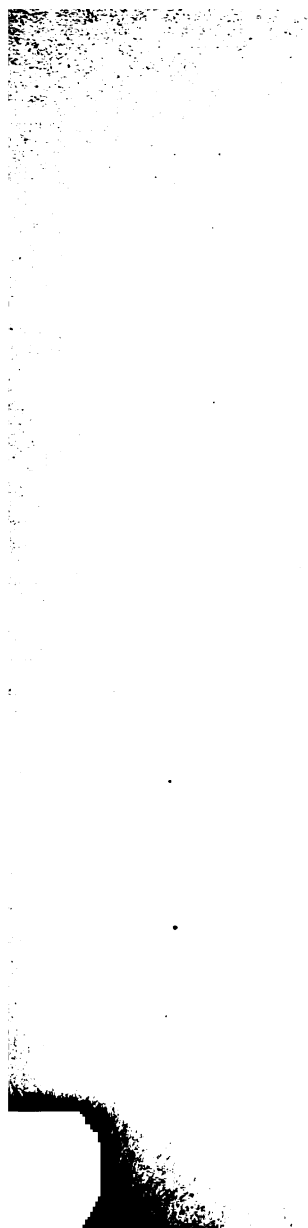
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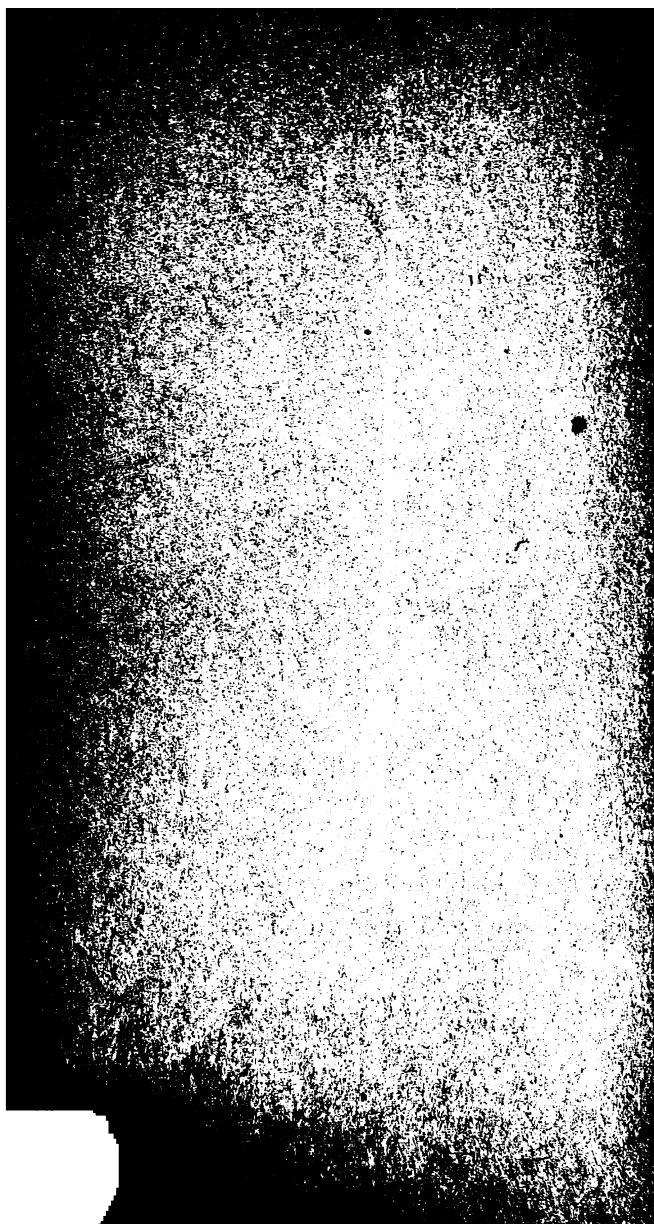
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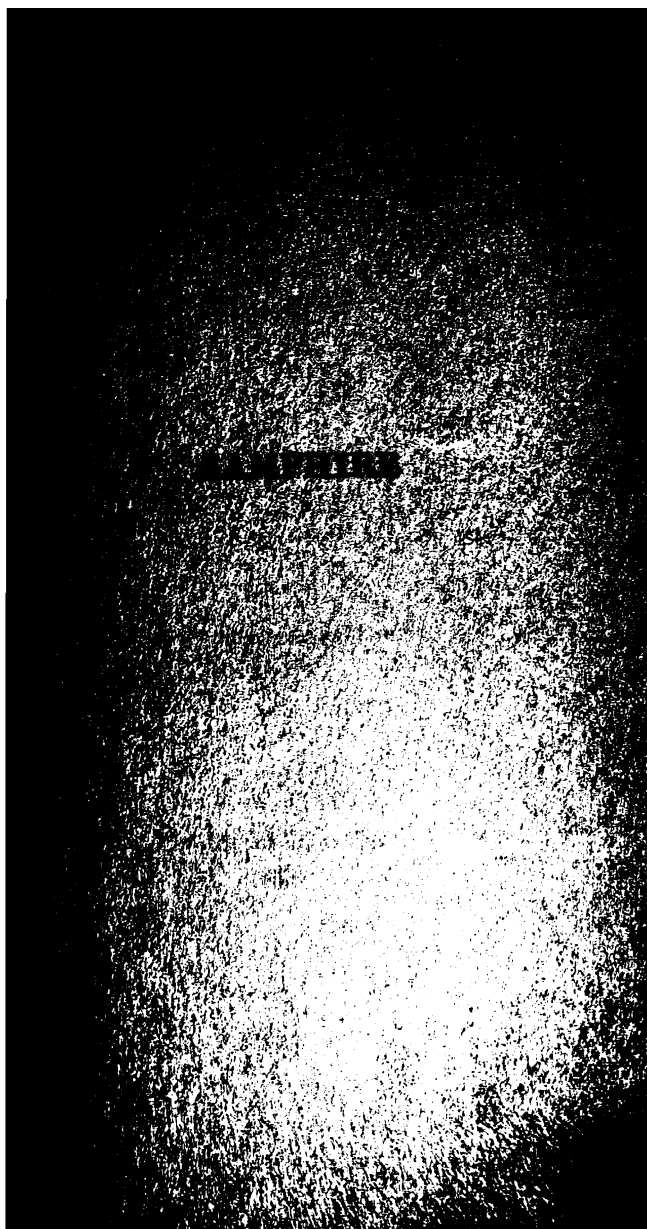
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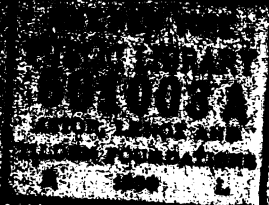
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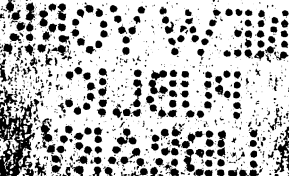
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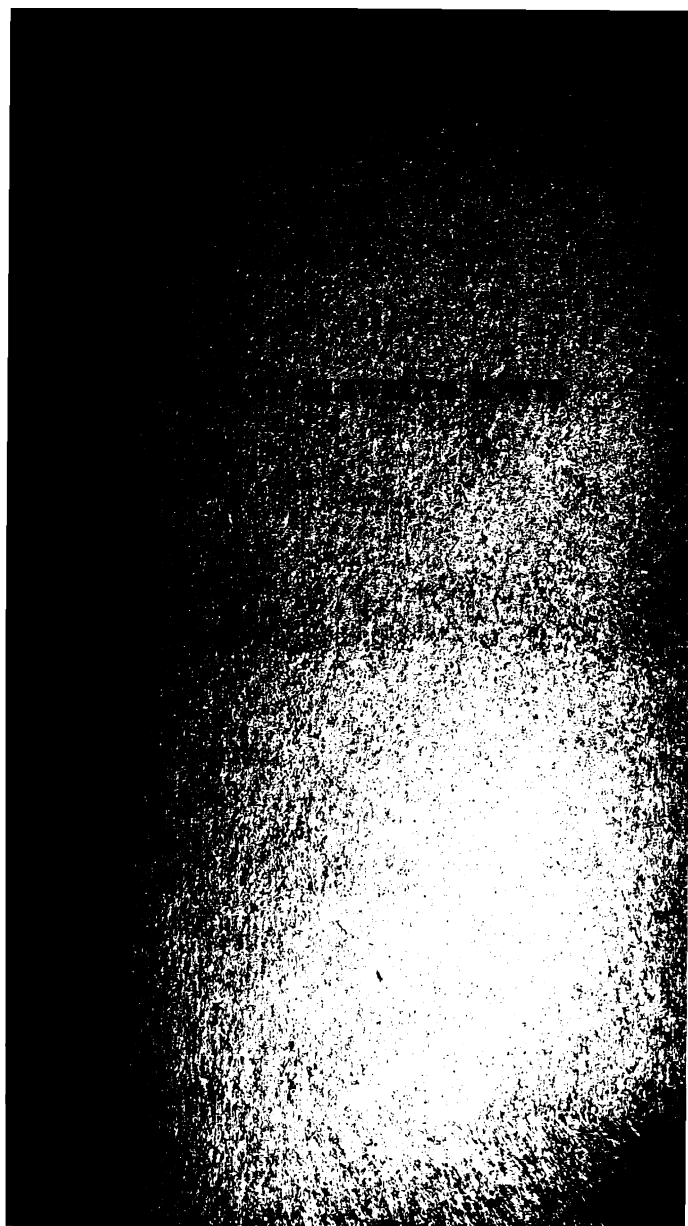
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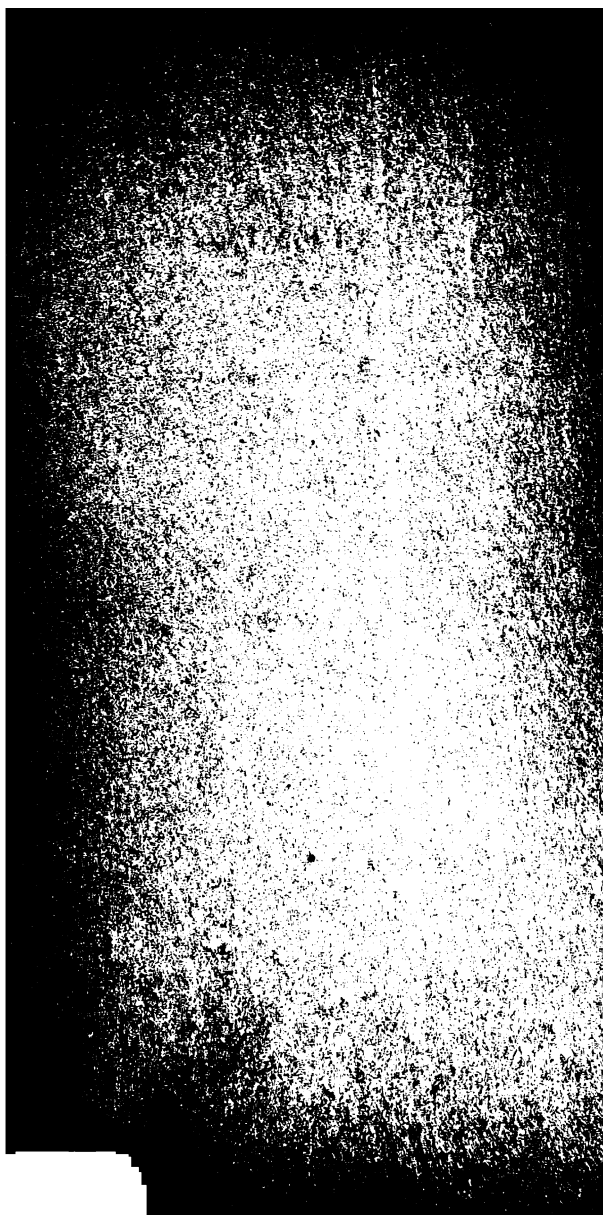


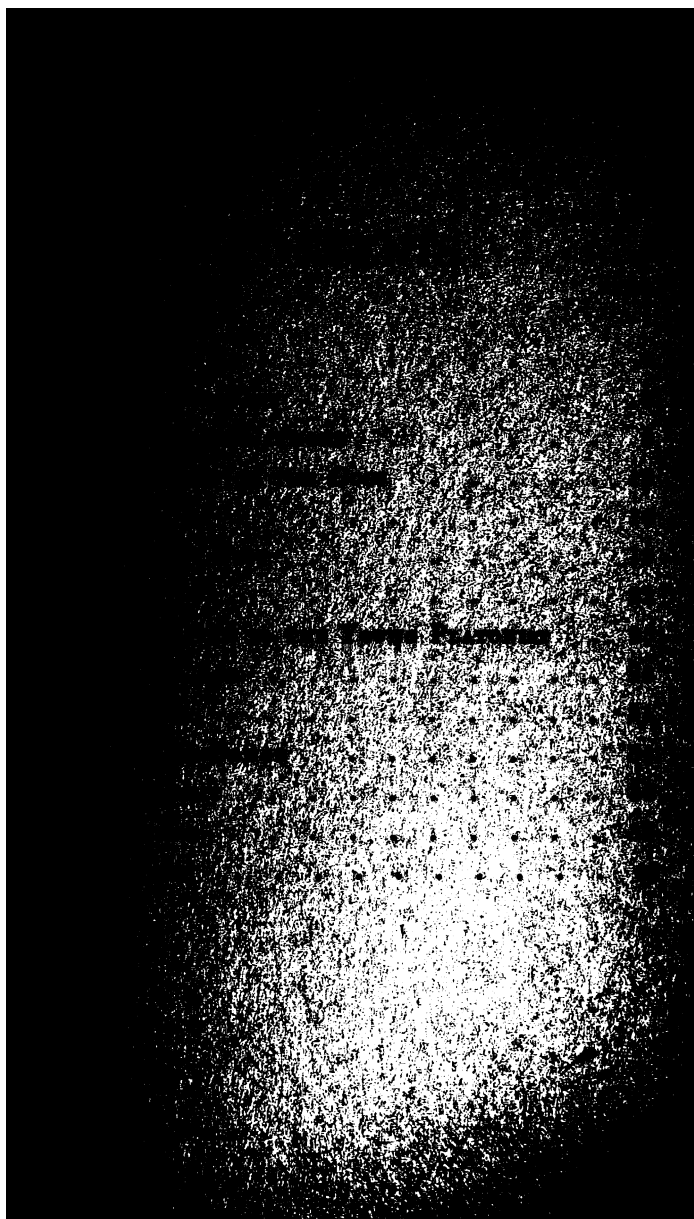
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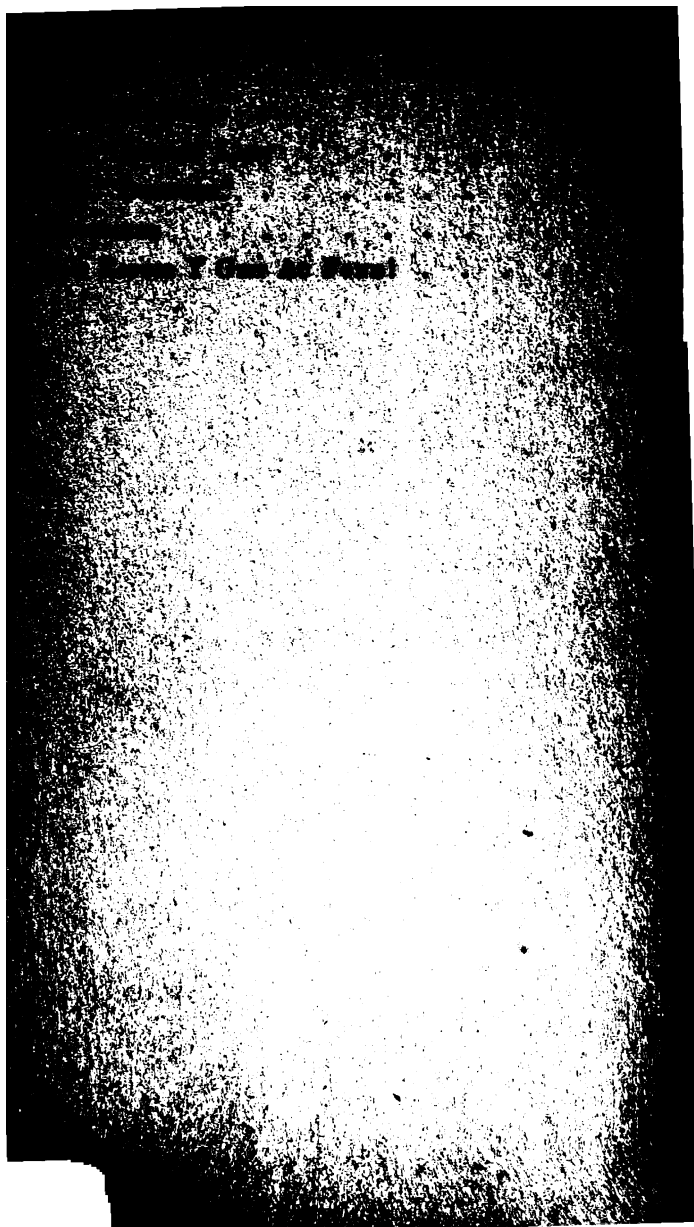
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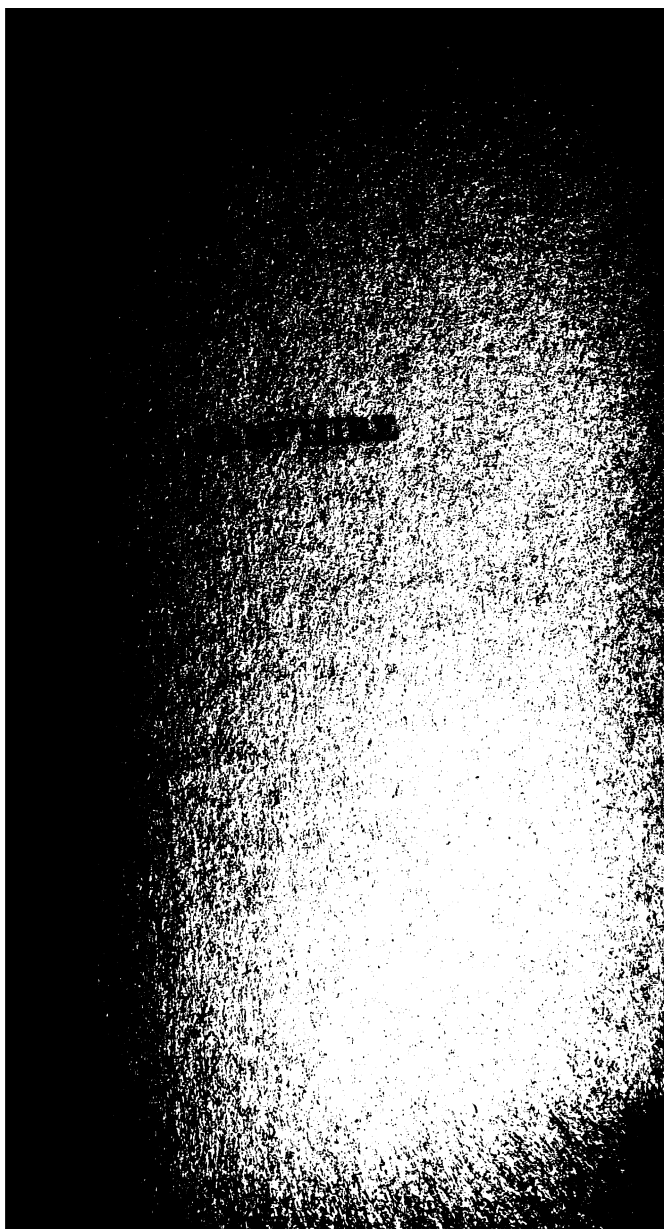


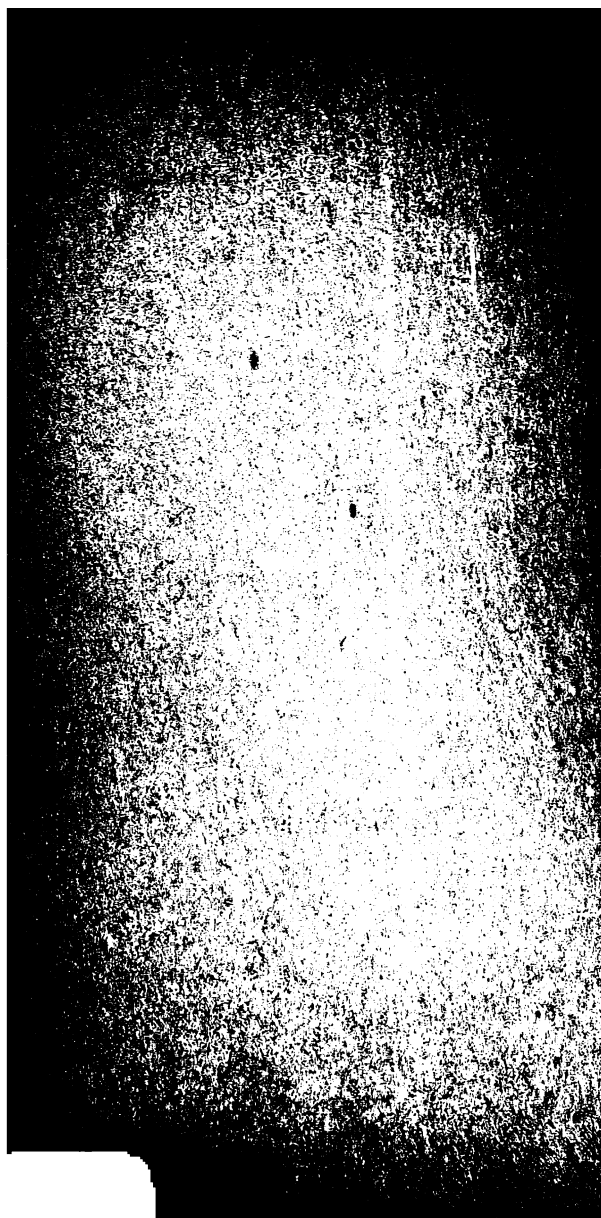










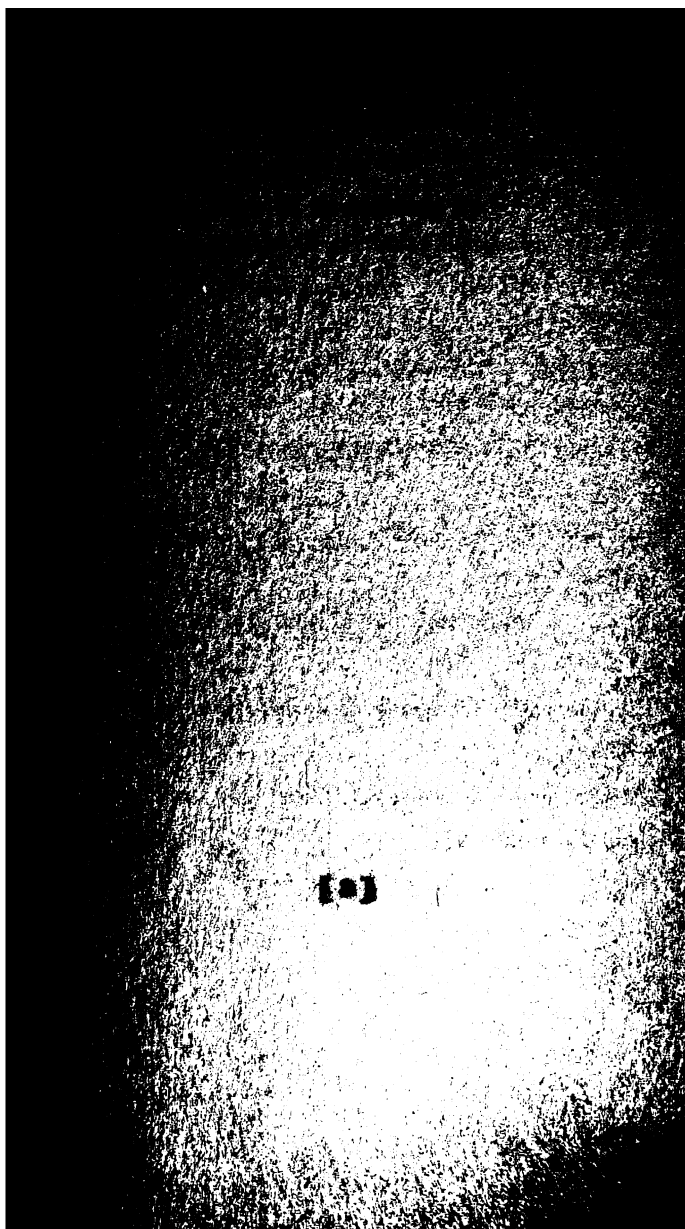


[illegible]

Don't stop with this.

Who knows where that stairway goes?
Who knows where that passage leads?
And that door? Who knows? Who knows?
Who knows where that stairway goes?
Who knows where that passage leads?
And that door? Who knows? Who knows?

Now the rats that again and again
Show at each rib and joint
Of the vessel of our pain
Keep gasping at this point;



...and I, who
...

...by the side of the
...taken Madam to my bed
...the Highness will also be
...

...By the Lord's side I have
...

...Orion rose out of the sky
...

...the Hunter hunted the Star
...

...the Dance of Secrets
...you know!

THE LORD'S PRAYER

Our Father, who art in Heaven,
Hallowed be Thy Name.
Thy Kingdom come,
Thy will be done
On Earth as it is in Heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And lead us not into Temptation,

but deliver us from Evil.

AMEN.

THE CRUISE OF THE "FISH"

I saw the sea-scorpion looking on,
Covered with wound and blister—
"Fresh fish for sale!"—of a sea so cruel
That called by centuries and long years
To the ebb and flow of time,
Sea-tangle and sea-scum,
Will the Christ never come?

Two lovers that met at this ocean mouth,
With blisings and clingsings pale
Beating the shell of a human heart
And tearing its bleeding core apart—
"Fresh fish, fresh fish for sale!"—

And I, the sea-ward-looking one,
I seek to the rhythm of time.

Shining brass, a feather, a thought,
With these I create a soul,

A soul that is not to be sold or bought,
For I who am naught and less than naught

Am "Fresh fish for sale!"—have seen
How the waters as they roll!

And I, the sea-ward-looking one,
Covered with weed and albac,

Have gathered a soul to rest upon
As I seek to the rhythm of time.

Bright hair, bright feather, brain-dreams,
Shining the sun and moon—

If an old sea-pier steals a soul from thee,
Christ must be coming soon!

And I alone—yes only I—
Took my way up that mossy stair,
When morning after morning
Old Latona laid their train.

Oh terrible steps of leaf-moss and
Such as man never saw
That mount up—holy Mother of
To the Castle of Gathene!

And I alone—yes only I—
Under Algol and Altair—
When a new-born moon was in the sky
Climbed up that mossy stair.

Old Cypress-roots of long decay
Troubled my noiseless tread;

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

"O my hand! Be my heart I said—
 "O my soul I cried—
 "How have been wafted those airs of
 "Love
 "Have driven my true love from my bed,
 "Have love from my side!

They turned and let see
What is what they saw
A phantom in a
They saw those
Trees;
And I am alone once
With the Immenities
Of the Castle of Gethere.

the wind, the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind, the wind, a terrible sound,

the wind, the wind,

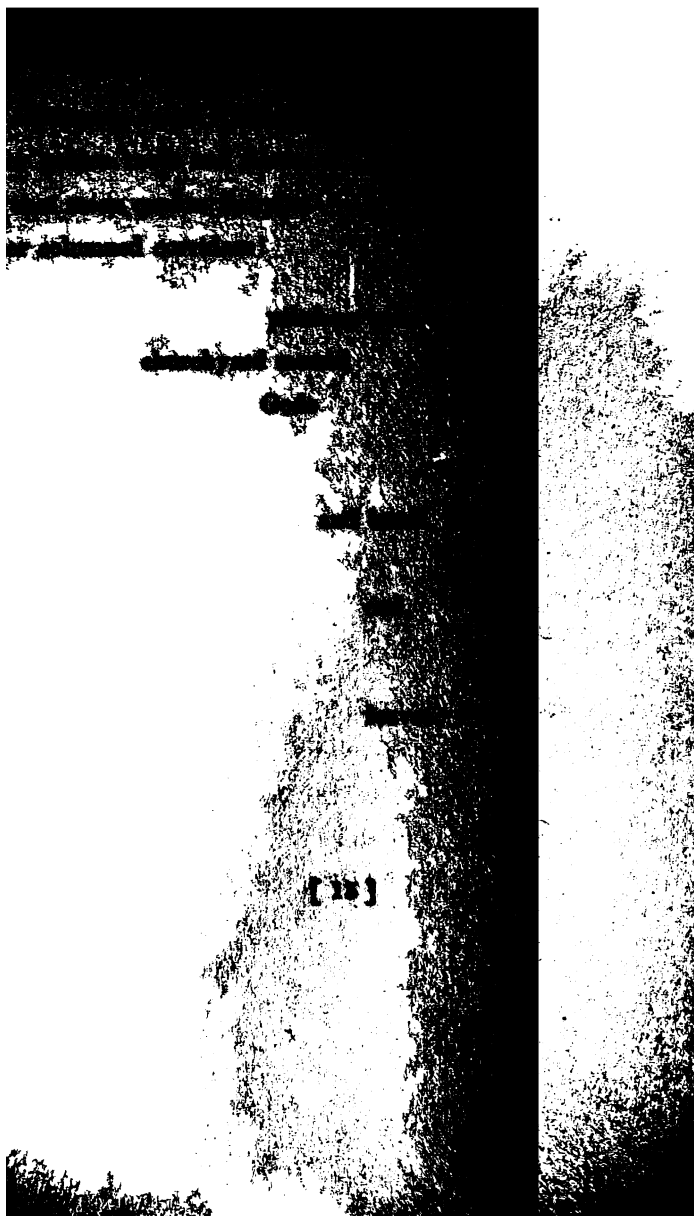
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And I watch that row of hating Gods
And I hear that terrible sound
With her abandoned daughter

From my little green seat of gloom
Like a dwarf on a churchyard mound
I watch that row of hating Gods
And I hear that terrible sound

They nod and mutter; they sway and hiss
Like monoliths of stone,
Like huge gaunt birds on a benched nest
And as they bend they mean.

They shiver like monstrous skeletons
They rattle like gibbets stark;
They reel like ruined autumn sheaves
In the stubble of the dark.



THE FEAR

In the hollow spaces I hear a sound
As I go whistling to my Death,
And in these limbo-lands I see
The ultimate Fear.

Throed on the dark that dare not die
As I go whistling to my Death,
Of human terror the apogee—
Fel-de-rol!

The wreckage of the whole dream
As I go whistling to my white death,
Is in that wavering ghastly line
That speaks no word!

as if I were out of control
whispering to my maid,
"I hope that to all the To-
morrow!"

as if I were that face in the night,
whispering to my own:
"I hope for the sweet moonlight
to-morrow!"

as if these lips utter no sound,
whispering to my Troll,

Oh white, white, like the snow
As I go whistling to my home
That ultimate Dawn would be
If you should move!

THE BIRD

"What a fine egg—
—the minstrel, laughing,
—but what of her legs?"
—to the courtiers scoffing.

"What a fine egg—
—the minstrel, laughing,
—but what of her legs?"
—to the courtiers scoffing.

"What a fine egg—
—the minstrel, laughing,
—but what of her legs?"
—to the courtiers scoffing.

"I have seen the World-Withered King;
I have seen those eggs, like to his eye;
And for what I have seen I would give
My kingdom; and willingly die."

"I have seen the World-Withered King;
I have seen those eggs, like to his eye;
And for what I have seen I would give
My kingdom; and willingly die."

"And the minstrel winked at the people;
And the old queen pinched the fool;
And the mitred priest to hide his rage
Stared at them like a ghoul."

"Down on your knees to the great World-
King I, your King, who begs."
And they stood stock-still and stared at each other

"Green were her eyes,"
Her eyes were like withered leaves
— "This is holy Mass and the altar
And there is red in the altar."

"Raise me aeft my taper's flame,
Light me my candle three,
For I must call on the Baby's name
Who is born to young Mary!"

"O father, I see a blood-red streak
In the reeds where first I caught her
And I hear a cry makes my heart weak
And turns my bones to water."

"What's that?" he asked.
"The bell," he answered.
"The bell?"

"The bell," he answered.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.

"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.

"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.
"The bell?" he asked.

Oh will the day come
When his breast shall be laid
In the arms of the earth
That two lost souls are flying
Over the roads and over the
Over the hills and away.

LETTER TO THE YOUNG
FLAUTINIST

Oh! look for a lover,
And never all
Forget those Hiberns which the Hiberns cover.
The Hiberns of it!

Oh! gods curve your polished flanks
And bend your hazel eyes,
You should stand on a river's banks
And up the scurvy thanks
And ever wise!

Oh! I have heard your tale,
Love is this and how Love is that.

[26]

And the old folk say

I could have gathered

Wood-springs, wood-moss, wood-roses

When the moon was down

to tell

Every star in her midnight

Because I'd loved you with my heart

Were that a reason I should not love

Tenderness in my gut-foet and

And watch beside your sleep?

The oldest of Centaurs is my teacher

The wild wood-ways are in my blood

My mother was the great earth-mother

Yet I can love you as well as another

For all my satyrhood!

...
... back to it.

... of Love one day
... hall,
... and flee away
... Mary's grave and say,
... of all!"

"O warden youth, the garden
Over common highways leads
From gardens far from home
It has sought that garden
Listen! But ah! It catches you
Listen! But ah! I had hoped
The heart of youth is stone.

"Did you not know such places
Lovely are they and few,
The gardens that breathe such perfume
Listen! But what care you?
Over many a moon-lit terraced spot
It has come to claim its own

In the hush of the swaying grasses
 In the shadow on the rustling trees!
 The wind as it softly passes
 Brings a vision of memories!

The berries are faded and sore;
 The feathers of cypress-green
 And every lizard listen in fear
 To the footsteps and forms unseen.

Mountains are choked with hemlock woods,
and creaks there and the night-owls call.

and wandering dandelion-seeds
and rose-petals were wont to fall!

gone-begone one, you can tempt me not

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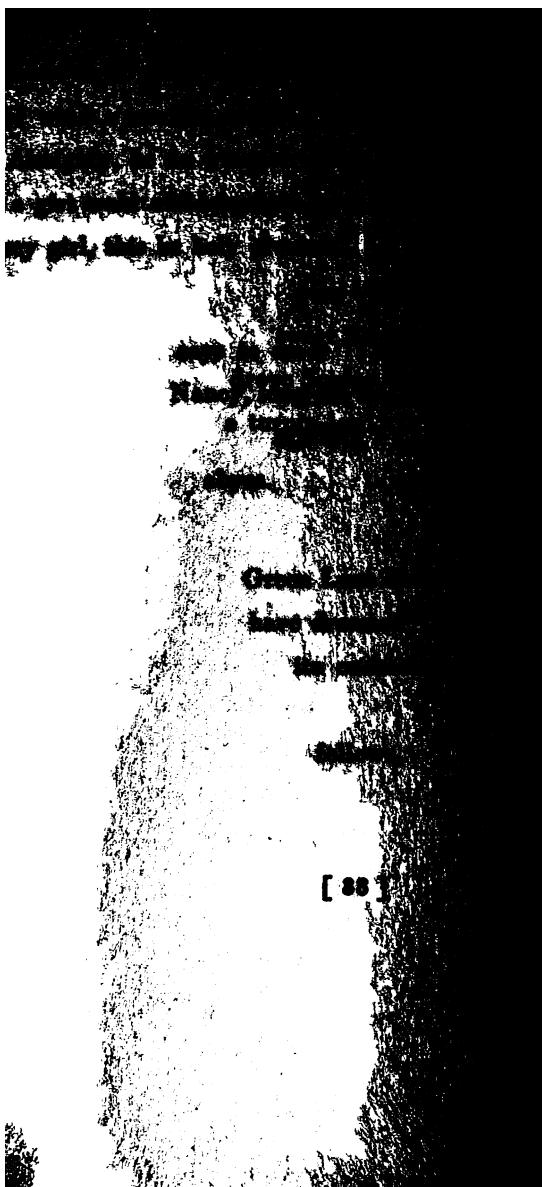
THE METAPHYSIC

 I up and follow
 the longest cross-cut road,
 the way from Hawk's Hill to Green
 the hollow
 the rabbits and cuckoos and swallows
 the with turnip sowed,
 the road that ever
 the Warren and Turnstile Hill
 the park-fence by Witham's Cover,
 the old man Rob caught young Neil's lover,
 the leads to Dead Man's Mill,

And suddenly, I saw a shadow
Like a great black bird, descending
"Nancy girl, this is hell," he said.

Death is! And he says to me
"You've been here, Nancy, before."
And he lifts the veil of his sorrow
From the face of his sleep.

And high Hawk Hill and Green Lane
Grow only dreams that I have dreamed
And Grand-dad's road with the swallow
swallows,
The road an old fox-bitch still follows
Is a fairy-place that only seemed!



THEY WERE DANCING

THEY WERE DANCING

An intolerable singing
From an ancient house
Where the ghost-maiden
Cross a moon-dial dancing
Drew me from you as you
With the jasmine in your hair
Dreaming that your beauty
All my sense and held me close
But I left you; and, sleeping
With a lost tune in my head,
Set my memory reshaping
The old dances of the dead
And the intolerable singing

And the great-moths drugged my reason,
And I floated to that old tune
Of the summer fall of treason
And that dial of the moon!

THE WIND

Dark, deep Love, as you are now,
And tall, as shadows are now,
Hidden up from beyond the door
Of the common reach of our world.

Do you not catch a cry in the night?
No! That is the wind in the night,
That is a certain fluttering shadow,
That is a dead branch falling!

Burning wood when candles are lit,
Has a bitter-sweet breath that can burn,
That can carry two lovers from where they

Nancy, Kansas

of a winter

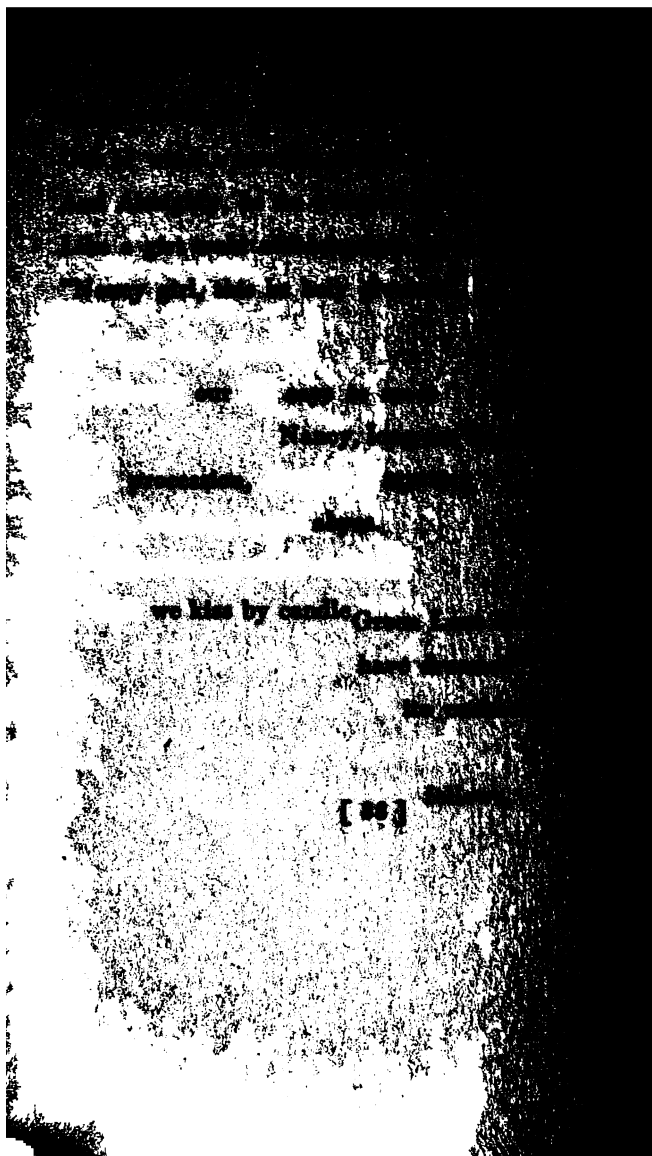
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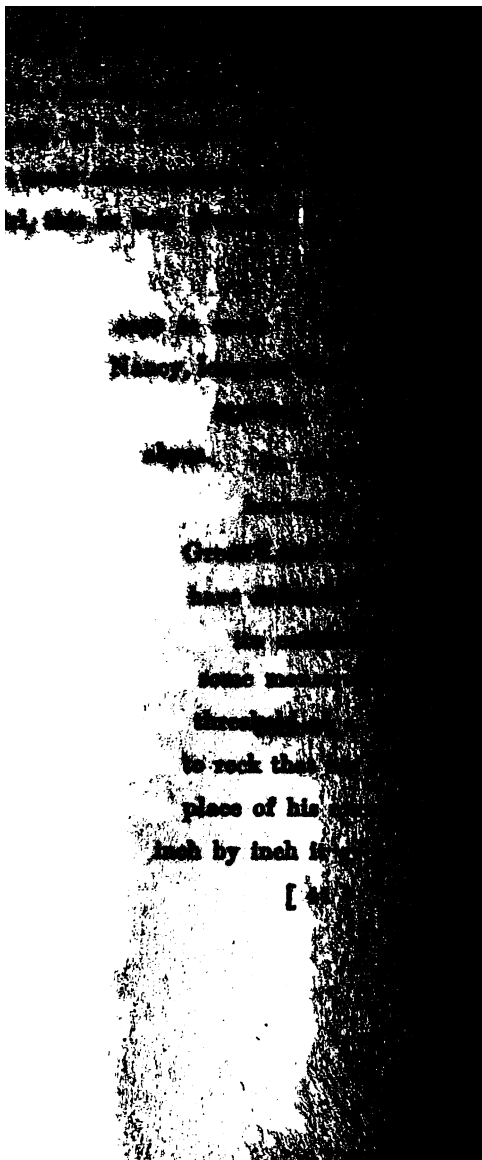
host gathers
far places, from

roofs where hyp

red tents and kraals



And the mountains shall be glad
To answer her gladness,
And the mountains hold their peace,
And the naked moon
And the forest passion will give release:
And shall gather the forests to her
And the oceans up to her breast,
And the mountains shall leap to undo her,
And the valleys shall be at rest:
And from their fathomless feeding ground
The animals shall upward move,
And every thing at the lightest sound
The forest ache with love!
And the boughs that for centuries
I heard, I said, of such a night



and the world

Nancy, her

alone

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And "The Law" (1911)
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THE RIDER

I have hunted the Powers of desire
In the towering trees
I have hunted the Pillar of
the Air
In his inmost fastnesses.

On the eagles of despair
Where the thunders meet,
I have hunted the Powers of
the Air
To their last retreat.

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

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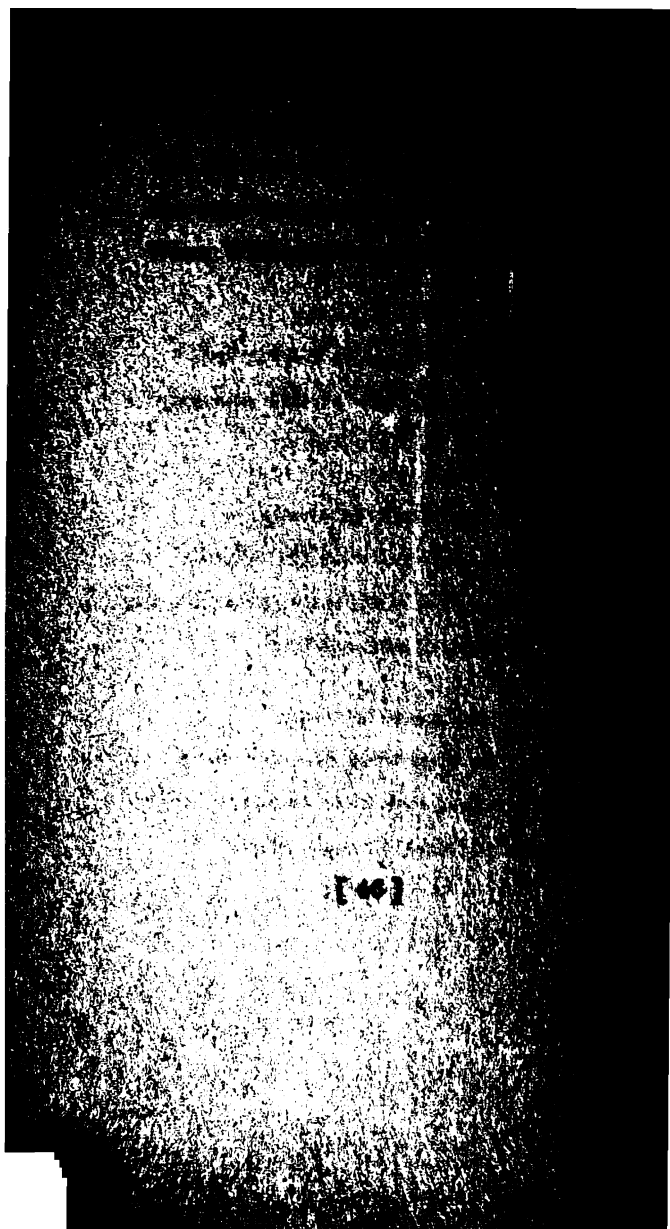
THE END OF THE WORLD

WILLIAM CORBY

I drive my cows to Corby;
When green spring-grass they're fed;
But it's Madge who nestles wantonly
On William Corby's bed.

I drive my sheep to Corby,
When the gold-dart's on the willow;
But it's Nellie's winsome curls that lie
On William Corby's pillow.

I drive my geese to Corby
When the bind-weed's in the wheat;
But it's Bess who cuddles warm and aly
Neath William Corby's sheet.



TO A CERTAIN LADY

... her scarlet gown.

"... a hiss?" she said--

... hunted her up and they hunted her down

... to the end of their moral town,

... left her there for dead.

... the bleeding throat of her cry

... heard in another place;

... those who are older than earth or sky--

... masters ones of eternity . . .

... knew her of their race.

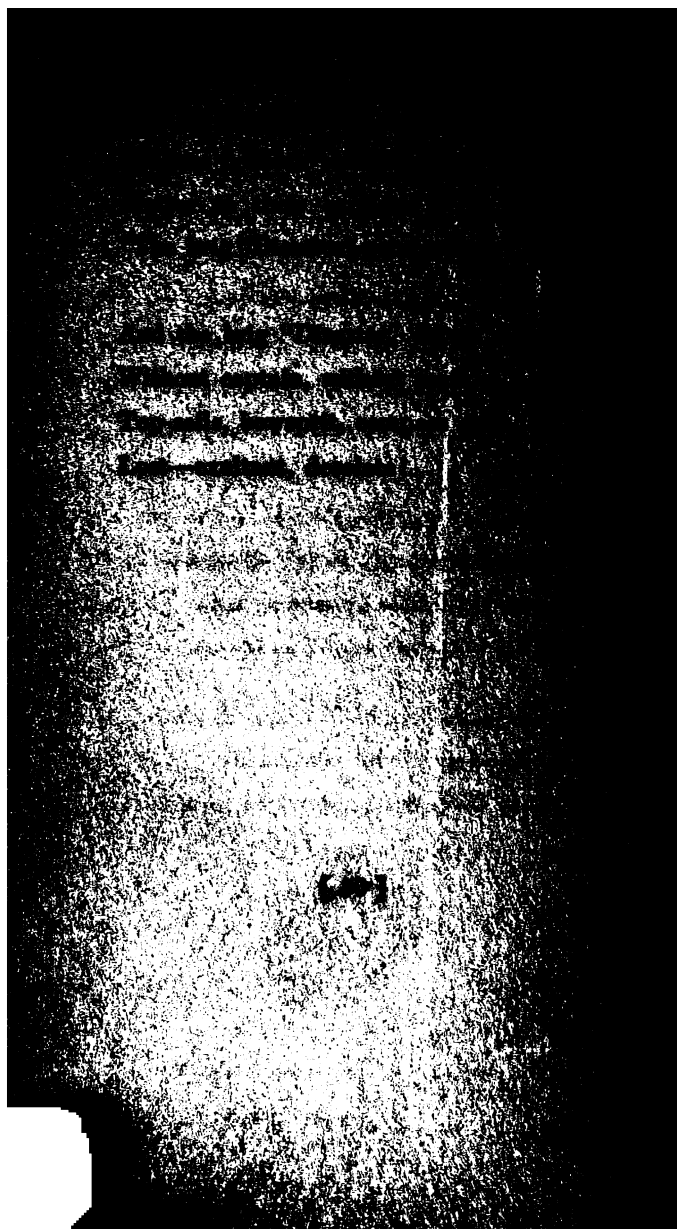
"What has this given her?"
"And she has said—"
"Give her back her money."
"Go with aches of death, and
Dead yet shall sleep in the morning
In your moral machine!"

THE "DISASTER"

Without rudder, without sail
Drifts my soul, the brig "Disaster,"
And the surfaces of the gale
Take the place of mate or master!

Covered is its ghostly keel
With sea-slime, sea-wood, sea-grass;
And its bulkheads groan and reel;
And its bolts are caked with rust;

Storm-tossed sea-gulls phantom-white
On the spars of the "Disaster"
Scream while the great winds of night
Drive the derelict still faster.



NOVEMBER

Will come back to you and you to me;

When the poplar-trees blow white and the reeds
are broken,

When the fishermen draw their nets out of the sea,

Will come back to you and you to me.

When across the flooded weirs the wild-fowl fly,

When the dead leaves fall from each remnant-tree,

When over the withered grass the plovers go,

Will come back to you and you to me.

[illegible]

The road-dust sleeps in the summer
and the hot noon drowns on rivers.

the moon is down for the present,
and the stars are in the better part
of the sky—Monsieur Maggot! Hail my Lord Rat,
I have been in this business than you guess at,
and I have seen high like a silver haze,
and the meadow ferns grow strange and large,
and the bull-rushes forget to shiver
and she pours her magic on meadow and river;
and the tall pond-reeds, where the cattle cross,
are all silent; and silent dreams the moss;
and the hush of the wood as the owl hoots by,
and the moon-tranced to heed his cry—
Monsieur Maggot and my Lord Rat,
I have something for you to squinty at!
I have pine and pine—but by Holy Rood
there's something here not understood—
and we are not yet the Devil's food!

